A LAMENTATION

Over the ſad Changes incident to *BELIEVERS*, While Inhaibitants of this change-able World.

OH! that it were with me as in
the Moneths paſt and gone,
Wherein the Countenance of GOD
has brightly on me ſhone.

Once I could ſay that he was mine,
my GOD and Portion ſure;
But now the Caſe is ſadly chang'd,
into the darkeſt Hour.

Oh that my Head a Fountain were
of ſtreaming Waters clear,
That I by Day and Night might weep,
till once he be brought near.

But though I ſit in Sorrows depths,
and am with Mourning clade,
Becauſe the Comforter that ſhould
relieve my Soul is fled.

Yet this my Caſe not ſingular is,
nothing ſo rare and ſtrange ;
For what is there below the Sun,
that is exeem'd from Change.

Even the Sons of GOD themſelves,
though built on Ages Rock,
Yet in their caſe ſuch Changes are
as doth their courage ſhock.

Though all the Changes they ſuſtain,
while in this wilderneſs,
Cannot Diſſolve or break that Bond,
which GOD in Faithfulneſs,

Has made with them, yet ſure there may
ſuch alterations be,
In the condition of their Souls,
as make them grieve to ſee.

Awake my Soul, rouſe up thy ſelf,
and ſeriouſly remark
Some few black Alterations,
that do the Soul attack.

And ſurely if thou wilt conſult,
the Scriptural Records,
With what the ſad experience
of Saints themſelves affords.

How quickly then ſhalt thou perceive
Changes of every Sort,
Them to encompaſs and Surround,
while this World is their Lot.

To day ye in their proſperous State
may ſee them ſafely ſtand ;
But on a ſudden they 're brought down

by GOD's own Mighty Hand:

Of this a lively inſtance doth,
in poor *Job*'s caſe appear,
He once of all his Neighbours had
of Wealth the largeſt ſhare.

But plundering Bands of Robbers keen,
did quickly him Bereave
Of Riches, and of all he had,
nothing they did him leave.

His Table once as Olive Plants,
His Children did ſurround;
But by a fierce and mighty Wind,
which from the LORD did ſound,

All of them in their Brothers Houſe
Entomb'd were, as in Grave:
Thus of this mournful Tragedy,
a brief account you have.

But though alterations of this kind
be Diſmal in aſpect;
Yet nothing ſuch, if in compare
what follows we them ſelf.

Sometimes the Child of God doth walk
in ways of Holineſs,
Hating and loathing that which doth
run croſs to Godlineſs.

But on a ſudden he doth turn
into the paths of Sin;
And in his Boſom ſweetly hugs,
that venom Serpentine.

20 Of this a fatal evidence
in *David* you may find,

Who by corruptions mighty Force,
which rag'd within his mind.

To Murder and Adultry vile,
was ſadly captive led;
And this within his guilty Breaſt,
much mourning Sorrow bred.

Sometimes again, the Child of GOD,
in paths of Light doth walk,
So that of Counſel from on high,
he's ſweetly made to talk.

But ſuddenly his Caſe is chang'd
into a darkned Night,
Nothing but Clouds and Tempeſts black,
do ſtand within his Sight:

So that with *Job* he can well joyn,
in Sorrow for to ſay,
O that it were with me as in,
that bright and happy Day,

25 Wherein the Candle of the LORD,
upon my Head did ſhine,
The ſweet and bleſſed Light thereof
my dull Soul did refine.

But now from this I muſt paſs on,
for to obſerve and ſee,
Another black and diſmal Change,
which in Saints caſe may be.

Sometimes it is their Happineſs,
under the Shadow bright,
Of Heaven's comely Countenance,
to ſit with Hearts upright.

The ſweet Rays of his glorious Face,

upon their Souls do dart,
With ſuch refreſhful warmth and heat,
as does eaſe all their Smart.

So that with *Peter* and with *John*,
upon the Mountain great,
Where CHRIST Transfigur'd was, they'll ſay.
O let us not depart.

But preſently upon this place,
let us ſome Tents Up-rear,
For certainly it's Good for us
to make our Abode here.

But will this Sun with Brightneſs ſtill,
dart forth its happy Rays,
Nay, it may be that an Eccliſpe
may dark theſe lightſome Days.

God may withdraw his preſence bright,
and on His Friends may frown,
So that they may be made to think
that Chriſt will them diſown.

And while within their penſive Hearts,
they think upon this thing,
They readily in mournful Tune,
with *David* ſad will Sing.

How long will Thou forget me LORD?
ſhall it for ever be?
O how long ſhall it be that Thou
wilt hid Thy Face from me?

This Change both Black and Diſmal is,
yet follow'd by another,
Which Dancing into Mourning turns,
and Joy in Grief does ſmother.

Sometimes the Child of GOD enjoys
a Calm and Peaceful Frame;
But boiſtrous Storms and Tempeſt fierce
do quickly ſpoil the ſame.

The Arrows of Almighty GOD,
darred into his Heart,
Does ſo increaſe his Grief and Pain,
that none can eaſe his Smart.

But only he who wounded has,
and broken all his Bones,
Only the ſame Almighty Hand
can reſcue from his Moans.

Thus I in mournful Notes have Sung,
ſome Alterations great,
Which to Believers in this World
may happen as their Fate.

40 But yet my ſad and mournful Muſe
this Matter cannot leave,
Till I ſome two or three things more,
on this Head marked have.

Sometimes the Childeren of Grace,
in Faith ſo Mighty prove,
That neither Divels, Men nor Sin,
can trouble or them move.

The Actings of this active Grace,
ſo lively are and ſtrong,
That all the Fiends in Hell cannot
Their Souls injure and wrong.

Now in Triumph the Child of GOD,
with *Paul* can make his boaſt,
That Famine, Peril, deep Diſtreſs,
nor Divels helliſh Hoſt.

Nor Life, nor Death, nor Height, nor Depth,
nor all Infernal Art,
Shall from that Love which is in CHRIST
their Souls diſſeverat.

45 But ſhall their Faith in Triumph thus
continually ride;
Nay, on a ſudden ye may ſee,
ſad Changes it betide.

So that the Soul ſhall readily
into ſad Queſtion call,
All that the LORD has done to bring
it out of ſadeſt Thrall.

And in the midſt of Sorrows deep,
take up its mourning Harp,
And with the Pſalmiſt *David* Sing,
in bitter Grief and ſharp.

For ever will the Lord caſt off,
and Gracious be no more;
For ever is His Mercy gone?
fails His Word evermore.

Sometimes again the Friends of God
moſt lively are in Hope,
Which to them in diſtreſſing Days
proves a ſupporting Prop.

50 So that in times wherein the Noiſe
of Judgements black does ring,
With *David* they'll take up the Harp,
and on it ſweetly Sing.

When I'm afraid I'll truſt in Thee,
in GOD I'll Praiſe His Word,
I will not fear what Fleſh can do,
my truſt is in the LORD.

But though ſometimes their Hopes thus proves
both active, ſtout and ſtrong,
Yet ſuddenly their fears are ſuch
as does their Souls great wrong.

For proof of this you may conſult,
of *David* the ſad Caſe,
Who in the Day that *Saul* did him,
hotly Purſue and Chaſe,

Cried out one Day I ſurely ſhall,
into the Hands of *Saul*,
My Bloody and inveterat Foe,
paſt peradventure fall.

55 But now that I may harp no more
upon this mournful String;
I ſhall but of one ſad change more,
in Muſick doleful ſing

Sometime the Child of God though rare,
is from Tentation free,
So that with undiſturbed Joy,
to Heaven faſt moves he.

But Satan, this malicious Sp'rit,
envious of Mans Bleſs,
Improves his power and policy,
his aim to make him miſs.

For as a Lion ravening
he rambles round the World,
Of all occaſions to deſtroy,
poor Sinners taking hold.

But now my Soul it may be thou
iniquity fain wouldſt make,
From whence theſe Changes ſad and black,
their Spring and Riſe do take. With

60 Within the Soveraign Will of God,
one Reaſon thou may find.
Such Changes he does bring about,
becauſe it is his mind.

But though ſometimes in Soveraignty
his People he thus treat;
Yet this his merciful Deſigns,
ſhall not at all defeat.

For he who in his Heart is wiſe,
and Mighty in his Strength,
From all theſe Changes will to them
advantage bring at length.

For hereby they are made to ſee,
their ſtrength to be but ſmall,
And ſo turn'd up to Dependence
on Him, who's All in All.

Yea hereby they are taught to know,
that in this Wilderneſs,
No reſting place is to be found,
nor compleat Happineſs.

65 And ſo their thirſty Souls may long,
to come into that Place,
Where no more Changes black and ſad
ſhall ſtare them in the Face.

But in the happy Enjoyment
of GOD Unchangeable,
For ever and for evermore,
unchanged Reſt they ſhall.

Once more, the Lord himſelf is pleas'd,
theſe Changes to make ſeize,
On his own People that they may,
with others Sympathize.

And by theſe comforts wherewith God
their ſad Hearts did revive,
They may to others Comfort bring,
and from their Grief relieve.

But after this my Soul if thou
inquiry ſtill do'ſt make,
For other Cauſes where theſe ſad
Changes their Riſe do take.

Even in the Saints themſelves thou may'ſt
many ſuch Black ones find.
A few of which I now crave leave
to ſuggeſt to thy mind.

Sometimes the Child of GOD is found
known duty to omit,
Or in its ſlight performances
ſecurely down to ſit.

Upon the back whereof enſues
ſuch Changes in his Frame,
As fills his Heart with bitter Grief
in Mourning o're the ſame.

And O my Soul, may I not now
unto thy ſelf appeal,
Can'ſt thou not from thy own feeling
this truth confirm and Seal.

Sometimes again the Child of GOD
when with inlarged Heart,
His Duty he ſo Mannages
as to refreſh his Smart.

His Soul with Pride is ſo puft up
as makes him to forget,
From whence that Strength and Aid did flow

that

that did his Heart right ſet,

And this his Pride does him betray
into unwatchfulneſs,
All which theſe changes bring about
which do his Soul Diſtreſs.

And if thou wilt but *Peter*'s Caſe,
with that of *David*'s ſad,
Conſider, you ſhall quickly ſee
that therein may be had.

Such clear and lively Evidence
of what I now maintain,
That none can be ſo Impudent
as to gainſay theſame.

As for the firſt, he in his Strength
ſuch boaſting vain did make,
As to aver with Confidence,
though all did CHRIST forſake.

So Yet he would not abandon him,
though for it he ſhould die;
But yet before the Cock did Crow,
him thrice he did deny.

As for the other he did fall
into a Napping Frame,
And on his Couch ſecurely lay,
and ſlumber'd on the ſame.

Ev'n on that day wherein he ſhould
have Acted in the Field;
As *Iſrael*'s Captains great and bold,
with Buckler, Spear and ſhield.

And what an Alteration
this to his Soul did bring,

Is that which I already did
in Mourning Muſick ſing.

But once again, and I have done,
with reaſons on this Head,
The Sons of Light with their too briſk
and bold Adventures made.

Upon occaſions which to Sin
natively lead and bring,
Have in their Souls ſuch Changes wrought
as made them in grieffing.

Oh that it were with me as in
the Moneths that are gone,
Wherein the countenance of GOD
upon us brightly ſhone.

But now my Soul is it not time
that ſomething ſhould be made,
By way of Application
upon his mournful Head?

If it be ſo that Changes ſad
Believers happen may,
Then certainly I may infer,
and with great Juſtice ſay;

Let him that thinks he ſtands take heed
leſt down he quickly fall,
And thereby bring himſelf unto
much Miſery and Thral.

But yet again, if it be ſo
that Changes ſad and black,
The Child of GOD does many times
o'rtake and almoſt wrack.

Then O my Soul why do'ſt thou not thrift.

thirſt, labour, pant and bray,
To come into that part and place,
where no ſuch Changes may

Thee vex and grieve, o'rwhelm and break
with bitter grief and ſtrong.
And where for ever thou may'ſt be
Triumphant Saints among.

But now my Soul unto thy Caſe,
let me bring cloſely Home,
What has been ſung, for may be thou
in ſorrow deep do'ſt Moan.

And ſay, O that it were with me
as in the Moneths gone,
Wherein the Countenance of GOD,
has on me brightly ſhone.

O that I were as full of Light
and Life as I have been;
O that it were with me as in
the gladſome days I've ſeen.

The time has been wherein to me
the Ordinances dropt,
Such Conſolation as my Soul
has ſtrongly underpropt.

And from deſponding Fear and Grief
in Safety ſet me has;
But now the Scene is quite exchang'd
for Sorrow and Diſtreſs.

For to a Feaſt this day I came,
and have met with a Faſt;
Inſtead of Joy moſt bitter Grief
has been my ſad Repaſt.

This day I hop'd King CHRIST to see,
in's Robes of Needle-wrought,
In that his Glory transcendent,
which makes him to be sought,

And desir'd by all that him know,
and Love him for the sake
Of that transcendent Glory great,
which does him Lovely make.

But now in Sorrow sad I must,
and Bitterness complain,
That of his comely Countenance,
one blink I have not seen.

Though for him I sought, yet could I not
Him find at all or see,
For in a Cloud of Wrath most black,
he hid his Face from me.

O ye that Zions Daughters are,
and know what does me move,
If Him ye see, O tell from me,
that I am sick of Love.

O in this Case what shall I do?
O whether shall I turn?
For in the depths of sad Distress,
I'm made to Weep and Mourn.

But stay my Soul and here do stop,
and I'll lay thee before,
Some two or three things which may tend
to ease thy Smarting sore.

First then inquire into the Grounds
of this so sudden Turn,
In thy condition and which makes

thee now to Grieve and Mourn.

It may be thou has careleſs been
in Preparation,
To meet thy GOD, and therefore he
on thy Soul has not ſhone.

Or in preparing Work thou has
plac'd too much Confidence,
And therefore he's withdrawn himſelf,
and hid his ſweet Preſence.

Or yet again it may be that
in former times of Love.
When he his Preſence unto thee,
did vouchſafe from above.

That then thy Heart was lifted up,
and fill'd with Fumes of Pride,
And this him juſtly he indeed,
provock't his Face to hide.

Or did'ſt thou not when thou did'ſt ſit
down at His Table ſweet,
Suffer thy Heart to gaud and rove,
thus was thou indiſcreet.

Yea haſt thou not the Vows of GOD,
which in the times now paſt,
Thou on thy Soul didſt bring, forget
and from thee ſadly caſt.

Therefore the LORD theſe Changes great
has made thee overtake,
That thou may ſee how ſad it is,
His Ways for to forſake.

But O my Soul though thou haſt caus'd
the LORD thus to abſent,

Yet be not quite oppreſs'd and broke
with bitter Reſentment.

Why art thou thus caſt down my Soul?
what ſhould Diſcourage thee?
And why with vexing Thoughts art thou,
diſquieted in me?

Still truſt in GOD for Him to Praiſe,
good cauſe I yet ſhall have;
He of my Count'nance is the Health,
my GOD that doth me ſave.

For O my Soul conſider well,
though changed is thy Frame,
Yet GOD in whom thou haſt believ'd
is ever ſtill the ſame.

For though His Chil'ren He Correct,
when they do go aſtray,
And in His Judgements do not walk,
but wander from His Way.

He'll not take His Love from them
nor falſe His Promiſe make,
His Cov'nant He'll not break nor change
what with His Mouth He ſpake.

Yea O my Soul the Senſe thou has
of a departed LORD,
Is that which in Iſra'l does hope,
concerning thee affoord.

And thou now ready art to ſay,
I'm utterly undone,
Yet don't deſpair, or quite give o're,
for all is not yet gone.

Within thee ſtill ſweet Breathings are

after the GOD of Love,
And that ſame GOD who theſe deſires,
makes in thee thus to move.

Undoubtedly He will return,
and cauſe on thee to ſhine,
His Count'nance, ſo that thou ſhalt ſay
I'm CHRIST's and He is mine.

For proof of this will ye conſult
the LORD's own Faithfulneſs,
For ſays He, I'll come and won't leave
you Sad and Comfortleſs.

But that this ſad and mourning Song,
I may put to an end:
I only thee obteſt my Soul,
thy Ways for to amend.

And by redoubled Diligence,
endeavour to regain
The wonted Luſtre and ſweet Frame,
which with thee did remain.

For till ſuch time as this ſhall be,
no true Peace thou can'ſt have,
But Sorrow and Diſquiet great
thereof thee will bereave.

And thus with heavineſs thou'lt move
in ways of GOD thy Rock,
And thereby unto others prove
a Diſmal Stumbling-block.

O who unto me then will ſhew
(for know it I would fain)
What Meaſures I ſhall fall upon
my ſweet Frame to regain.

Then O my Soul to thee I ſay,
Lament and Mourn, and Grieve,
Becauſe the Comforter is gone
that ſhould thy Soul relieve:

Again conſider and to Heart,
O duely do it take,
How ſad and black a thing it is
thy LORD GOD to forſake.

Yea, on thy Knees do thou fall down,
before the LORD moſt Hie,
And earneſtly beg thou of Him
to return unto thee.

And on His Ordinances do
moſt patiently attend,
For by theſe Golden Pipes the King
his Bleſſings rich doth ſend.

135 And to the Company of ſuch,
who are Friends to the LORD,
O do reſort, for in this caſe,
they will you Help affoord.

And in the uſe of all theſe Means,
let Patience have its place,
For GOD in His own fixed time
will ſhew to you His Face.

Wait on the LORD then, and be Strong,
and He ſhall Strength affoord,
Unto thine Heart, yea do thou wait,
I ſay, upon the LORD.

FINIS.

BRITISH 23 JY 73

A Sad SOLILOQUIE,

Occaſioned by the Sudden and Surpriſing News of the Death of my Dear Friend, Mr. *JOHN GILLESPIE*, Preacher of the Goſpel.

O Thou my mourning Soul awake,
out of thy Slumber riſe,
And ſeriouſly Reflect upon
the ſorrowful Surprize.

Of theſe ſad News, which thee inform'd
of his untimely Fall,
Who was to thee a Fellow ſweet,
and Helper in thy Thrall.

But now *Gilleſpie*'s dead and gone,
he's laid down in the Duſt;
Him thou cannot bring back again,
but follow faſt thou muſt.

O Death if I adventure Durſt,
for to Complain of thee,
I would alledge it's Meaſure hard
to cut down the young Tree.

While it is Fat and Flouriſhing,
in Beauty and in Strength,
And in the Church of GOD might grow,
a Cedar tall at length.

But ſure by a Commiſſion juſt,
from Heaven thou do'ſt Act,
I muſt in Silence ſtop my Mouth,
and juſtifie this Fact.

But though 'gainſt God I'll not repine,
nor Quarrel at His Will;
Yet Grief and Sorrow deep muſt needs
my Heart and Spirits fill.

When I into my Mind recall
that delightfull Converſe,
Which he and I together had,
in Hours of our Receſs.

But now *Gilleſpie* thou art gone,
and left me here behind;
And ſo an End is put unto
our Converſe of this kind.

But unto thee, the Advantage
of this Change does Redound,
For thou 'mongſt Saints and Seraphims,
with loud Voice thou do'ſt Sound.

The Praiſes of that Mighty GOD,
that Saviour ſweet and kind,
Who thee from all Iniquity,
has Purged and Refin'd,

And brought thee ſafe into that Land
where Glory has its Place,
And where for ever Bleſt thou'lt be
in Viſion of GOD's Face.

But ſtill I wander in this Vale
of Tears and Miſery,
Oppreſs'd with Sin and guileful Snare,
which do my Soul faſt tye.

And make me move with Progreſs ſlow,
in Paths that are Divine,
And ſo my Soul greatly unfits
in Glory bright to ſhine.

But now *Gilleſpie* if there were
a Way of Intercourſe,
Betwixt the World where I do dwell
and that Exalted Houſe,

Where now thy Habitation is,
by which we might Convey
Our Thoughts to one anothers Breaſts,
then to thee I would ſay,

Why all this haſte for to be gone?
what did thee ſo ſoon move,
To Flitt thy Tent us from among,
and pitch it up Above?

Eſpecially ſince thou of late
was called forth to Preach,
The Matchleſs Love of Jeſus Chriſt,
which paſſes Humane Search.

Was this to thee a toilſom Work,
nay, ſure it could not be;
For this I know was thy deſire,
to Serve GOD the moſt Hie.

Why did thou then moſt Suddenly
from this ſweet Work break off,
And leave thy Friends and Familiars,
to look at thee aloof?

But what needs I ſuch Queries toſs,
and revolve in my Mind,
Since that this is the Will of GOD,
we eaſily may find.

For in His Hand are all our Days,
our Tim's at His Diſpoſe,
And at His Pleaſure He our Years
may draw unto a Cloſe.

And O that by Conſidering,
this Melancholy Scene,
My Soul may be prevail'd upon,
on GOD alone to lean.

That ſo when I down to the Grave,
my Journey faſt ſhall make,
He may be my ſtrong hold and tower,
and by the Hand me take.

And Wiſely me Conduct and Guide,
by His Almighty Hand,
Till I be ſafely brought unto
EMMANUEL's happy Land.

BRITISH
23 JY 73
MUSEUM

FINIS.